

WORDS WITHOUT RHYMES.

Little Lesson That the Banker Learned From the Poet.

"This minor poetry seems futile to me," the banker said, sneering. "Anybody can turn it out. A lunatic can write minor poetry. It's only a question of rhymes."

"You sneer at rhymes?" interjected the fat and bald poet. "Give me a rhyme for 'lounge'."

"The banker thought for three minutes, but in vain. He was stumped. "Try me again," he said.

"A rhyme for 'slyph'." Again the banker failed.

"A rhyme for 'wasp'." "Nothing doing," said the banker after a long pause.

"Guilf," "mouth," "hemp," "pint," "pass."

"By jingo," said the banker, "I can't think of a rhyme for any of those words."

The minor poet tried him again with "blige," "depth," "wolf," "sash," "voit," "scarf," "saucer," "fucus," "bulb" and "bourn."

"I'm stuck," confessed the banker. "Minor poetry is harder than I thought. It's a wonder to me you fellows are not paid more."

"We don't care anything about the pay. It's the glory we are after," the poet answered, with dignity. "But I have been teeling you. For the words that I gave you there isn't a rhyme in the English tongue."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE LADY IN BLACK.

She Came For Queen Theresa, and Her Call Was Honored.

In 1850 an extraordinary thing occurred a few days before the death of Queen Theresa of Bavaria. King Louis and Queen Theresa were passing the summer in the castle of Archauffenberg, where their son-in-law, the Grand Duke Louis III. of Hesse-Darmstadt, came to see them. In the evening, when all of the court were at tea, several persons present saw a woman in deep mourning silently glide through the room. She stopped a moment behind the chair of the queen and fixed her eyes upon her majesty. Then she disappeared through the door of the ante-chamber. The grand duke arose hastily and rushed after the mysterious visitor. He was angry with the officer on guard for permitting a stranger to come in unannounced. The latter declared, however, that he did not see a single soul in the ante-chamber or in the royal parlor.

The duke came back and resumed his seat. His pale face excited the curiosity of the assembly, and at last he was obliged to tell what had happened. Queen Theresa when she heard the description of the visitor arose, with the cry, "It is for me that she has come!" Shortly afterward the queen returned to Munich and died there of the cholera.

The Arching Yucca Tree.

In the antelope valley of California grows the strangest yucca tree of all the western desert. The yucca is a tree not given to whims. It has been described by Van Dyke as having "a tall stalk rising like a shaft from a bowl and capped at the top by nodding creamy flowers." But the strange arching yucca has made itself famous by its curious form. Nobody watched it grow. All that is known about it is that it has two roots, its great stalk or trunk describing a graceful arch, rooted firmly into the ground at each end. At the top of the arch a great branch, like an extended arm, shoots forth as if pointing out the way. The arch is so high that a tallyho coach could easily pass under it.

Afghan Justice.

In a native irregular force raised by an Afghan chieftain the following amusing incident took place: A man was brought before the chief for stealing a shirt, and this is how the case proceeded:

Chief (to prisoner)—You are charged with stealing a shirt.

First Witness—Your honor, it was my shirt.

Second Witness—I saw him steal the shirt, your honor.

Result—Prisoner ten days for stealing the shirt, first witness ten days for not looking after the shirt better and second witness ten days for not minding his own business.

Lost Treasure of the Ancients.

What treasures of the ancient world may still lie hidden among the debris of the past? Where are the riches of Babylon and Nineveh? Where are the secret treasure chambers of Egypt? Where is the gold of the Phoenicians? Where is the tomb of Alaric, the Goth, that was crammed with all the richest spoils of Rome? Who has discovered the secret places of Mexico and Peru, where the untold wealth of mighty dynasties was stored?

His Way of Showing His Love.

"You wrong him, papa. He does not love me for my money. He scoffs at the world's sordid eagerness for wealth."

"What proof have you, child?"

"Why, only last night he told me he didn't care if he never was able to make a penny in his life if he only had me!"

An Oversight.

Regular Customer (to waiter)—As an old customer I generally have two slices of beef, and today you have brought me only one. Waiter (with a look of surprise)—By the powers, but you're right. The cook must have forgotten to cut it in two.

Attack is the reaction. I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds.—Nelson.

THE GIRDLE.

It Was a Much Used Arrangement in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages at the girdle were hung the thousand and one odds and ends needed and utilized in everyday affairs. The scrivener had his ink horn and pen attached to it, the scholar his book or books, the monk his crucifix and rosary, the innkeeper his tallies and everybody his knife. So many and so various were the articles attached to it that the dippant began to poke fun. In an old play there is mention of a merchant who had hanging at his girdle a pouch, a spectacle case, a "punnard," a pen and ink horn and a "handkercher," with many other trinkets besides, which a merry companion seeing said, "It was like a haberdasher's shop of small wares." In another early play a lady says to her maid, "Give me my girdle and see that all the furniture be at it. Look that the cigars, pinchers, the penknife, the ear picker and the scale be in the case." Girdles were in some respects like the chateaux of more modern times, but they differed therefrom in being more useful, more comprehensive in regard both to sex and to articles worn, and when completely finished more costly. It is partly for this reason that we find girdles bequeathed as precious heirlooms and as valuable presents to keep the giver's memory green after death. They were not infrequently of great intrinsic value.

A QUEER CHANDELIER.

It Is Made of Human Bones and Hangs in a Church.

In the center of the arched roof of All Saints' church, Sedlitz, in Bohemia, hangs a chandelier constructed entirely of human bones. The church in which this remarkable object is suspended is decorated from the floor to the ceiling with the bleached bones of human bodies. Garlands of bones stretch across the walls and hang from the ceiling. Pyramids, topped with golden crowns, are artistically reared from the ground with these whitered remains of the dead. The altars are literally covered with skulls, among which are hundreds of those which had been pierced by bullets or crushed by murderous blows from swords and other weapons, denoting that these grim relics of humanity have been gathered from adjacent battlefields.

Tradition says that these piles of human bones were gathered by a blind friar of the Cistercian order, who stored them in a corner of the church. As they were fast changing into their original elements, a man named Rint devoted himself to the task of cleaning and arranging them in the church. Prince Carl of Schwarzenberg took a strong personal interest in the restoration and arrangement of the church and ordered all the repairs to be done at his own expense. A large number of tourists visit this extraordinary church every year.—London Tit-Bits.

Reynolds and Two Pictures.

Sir Joshua Reynolds having become a great man, it was but natural that the town council of Plympton, near Plymouth, where he was born, should elect him mayor. In acknowledgment of the honor he painted a fine portrait of himself and presented it to the corporation. He wrote to a friend asking him to see that the picture was hung in a good light. This friend not only did so, but hung a poor picture alongside of it in order to heighten the merits of Sir Joshua's work by contrast. Then he informed Reynolds of all the trouble he had taken. In thanking him Sir Joshua told him that the poor picture had been painted by himself (Reynolds) in early life.

The Hopelessness of Gout.

A quaint old cure for the gout—a cure, from a seventeenth century medical work, that was designed to show gout's hopelessness. "First pick," said this odd cure, "a handkerchief from the pocket of a splinter who never wished to wed; second, wash the handkerchief in an honest miller's pond; third, dry it on the hedge of a person who never was covetous; fourth, send it to the shop of a physician who never killed a patient; fifth, mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client, and, sixth, apply it, hot, to the gout tormented part. A speedy cure must follow."

One Toed Women.

Everybody has heard of the small feet of the ladies of China. But it is not so generally known that they commonly have but one toe. This is, however, the fact. The great toe of the females of the first rank, and of some of the inferior classes also, is the only one left to act with any freedom. The rest are doubled down under the foot in their tenderest infancy and retained by compression and tight bandages till they unite with and are buried in the sole.

Grumpse's Openwork Socks.

"Why does Dr. Grumpse always buy openwork socks?"

"He says that, having been a bachelor for forty-five years, the kind with holes in are the only ones in which he feels natural."—Cleveland Leader.

Very Old.

Miss Passaye—I prize that book very highly. It is a very old edition.

Miss Buddie—Yes, dear, I thought it must be when I saw on the fly leaf that it was presented to you on your twenty-first birthday.

The Pretty Girl.

He—I dreamt last night I proposed to a pretty girl.

She—What did I say?

A GREAT TIMBER BELT.

The World's Greatest Forest Is to Be Found in Siberia.

Siberia from the plain of the Obi river on the west to the valley of the Indigirka on the east is one great timber belt, averaging more than 1,000 miles in breadth from north to south, being fully 1,700 miles wide in the Yenisei district, and having a length from east to west of about 3,000 miles. Unlike equatorial forests, the trees of the Siberian tiagas are mainly conifers, comprising pines of several varieties, firs and larches. In the Yenisei, Lena and Obi regions there are thousands of square miles where no human being has ever been. The long stemmed conifers rise to a height of 150 feet and stand so closely together that walking among them is difficult.

The dense, lofty tops exclude the pale arctic sunshine, and the straight, pale trunks, all looking exactly alike, so bewilder the eye in the obscurity that all sense of direction is lost. Even the most experienced trappers of sable dare not venture into the dense tiagas without taking the precaution of "blazing" the trees constantly with hatchets as they walk forward. If lost there the hunter rarely finds his way out, but perishes miserably from starvation and cold.

The natives avoid the tiagas and have a name for them which signifies "places where the mind is lost."

CHEERFULNESS.

It Is a Tonic That Does More Good Than Most Medicines.

There is a great restorative force in cheerfulness. It is a sovereign remedy. The physician who can inspire expectancy of something better to come, who can give you confidence in your power to overcome disease and can make you feel that it is a shame for a man made to do a great work in the world to be ailing, has very little use for drugs.

Sick people do not realize how much their faith and confidence in the physician have to do with their cure. If he is cheerful, happy, hopeful, they feel buoyed up, sustained by his very presence. They feel the thrill of his splendid vitality and gather strength from his courage. They catch the contagion of his cheerfulness and reflect his moods and condition.

Invalids who have dragged along in misery for years have been suddenly, as if by magic, lifted out of their bondage by the cheer and encouragement which have come from some unexpected good fortune. This shows us how dependent the body is upon the mind, how it sympathizes with it and takes on its colorings, which are represented in the different functions.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

COLUMNS OF ST. MARK.

They Were Taken From the Holy Land to Venice in 1120.

Two memorable granite columns, known as the columns of St. Mark, brought from the Holy Land in 1120 and standing in front of the quay and landing steps of the Piazzetta, have been associated with the fortunes of Venice for many years.

At first they lay prostrate for a long time, while no one would undertake to raise them. But a reward offered by the doge at length induced one Nicolo Barratiero (Nick the Blackleg) to offer his services. He succeeded and claimed as his reward the privilege of carrying on between the columns games of chance, elsewhere prohibited by law. To neutralize this as much as possible it was enacted that all public executions should take place on the same spot.

One column is surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark. The other carries a fine figure of St. Theodore, the patron saint of the city, who stands upon a crocodile and with sword and buckler gives token that the motto of Venice is "Defense, Not Defiance."—London Telegraph.

A Stitch of Pain.

A stitch is a sharp, spasmodic pain in the muscles of the side like the piercing of a needle and is very apt to be produced if exercise is taken immediately after a hearty meal. This arises because the nervous energy necessary for the proper working of the muscles in exercise is engaged in another direction—namely, in assisting the digestion of the food. Anything that interferes with the proper supply of nervous energy required for exercise, whether it be debility or the process of digestion or exhaustion arising from overexertion, is apt to cause this spasmodic pain.

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A LONG, WILD RIDE.

Over Eight Hundred Miles on Horseback in Less Than Eleven Days.

When General Kearny was ordered from Santa Fe across to California with the dragoons, he was anxious to get his report back to Washington as soon as it could be done. The messenger who was detailed to carry this report to Fort Leavenworth relates in outline the adventures of that rapid ride:

"I carried only a blanket, a lariat, 2500 rounds of ammunition; a dragoon pistol and about two spoonfuls of salt. I depended on my rifle for meat and on finding Indian herds for fresh horses. I weighed about 140 pounds and was as tough as leather."

"I got my first remount about eighty miles from Santa Fe and rode it two days until I found a camp of Utes hunting buffalo and got a fresh horse from their herd in the night."

I had to be very careful about falling in with Indians, for they would have killed a lone man for his outfit. A half dozen times or more I hid in some draw in the prairie till night or rode miles off the trail to keep away from their hunting parties or camps. It was very risky, too, riding into their herds and roping a fresh horse."

"I didn't dare make a fire in the daytime, but at night could cook a little meat on coals, and the little I slept was while lying on my lariat, so that my horse couldn't get away with it out of my reach."

"When I reached Fort Leavenworth I had ridden 832 miles in a little less than eleven days and had used nine horses. The last two horses I got from government trains that I overtook."

Last Hope Vanished.

When leading physicians said that W. M. Smithart, of Pekin, Ia., had incurable consumption, his last hope vanished; but Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, kept him out of his grave. He says: "This great specific completely cured me and saved my life. Since then I have used it for over 10 years, and consider it a marvelous throat and lung cure." Strictly scientific cure for Coughs, Sore Throats or Colds; sure preventive of Pneumonia. Guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00 bottles at Ed Greene's drug store. Trial bottle free.

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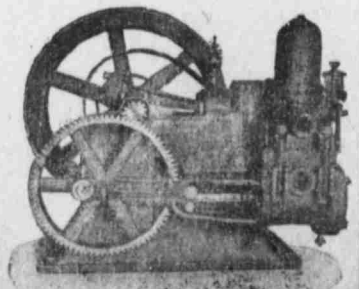
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